

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the
city, either for a short or long
stay—whether they go to mountain
or seashore, or even across the sea—
should not fail to order The
Washington Herald sent to them
by mail. It will come regularly,
and the addresses will be changed
as often as desired. It is the home
news you will want while away
from home. Telephone Main 3500,
giving old and new address.

A Sane Holiday?

After all, it was not quite a "safe and
sane Fourth." In the excitement of a
prize fight at Reno between two heavy-
weights the glorious meaning of the
day—the real birthday of the nation—was
in a measure overlooked. Now that it is
over, it is probable that, as a people, we
are all a little ashamed of ourselves for
getting so wrought up.

There is some consolation in the fact
that it will probably be a very long time
before another such contest will be al-
lowed to take place. It may never hap-
pen again. There will be boxing contests,
of course, as long as men are men, but
it is not likely that soon again there will
be such a contest, involving a fortune and
commanding the attention of the whole
nation, as this affair at Reno on the
Fourth of July.

Now that it is all over, we may, per-
haps, recover somewhat our sense of pro-
portion as to the fitness of things.

In spite of the denunciation of certain
classes of men who inveighed against
the prize fight as brutal and disgusting,
the fact remains that there was little
that was purely brutal about it, save
that a mere physical contest is, in re-
ality, a contest between the brute part
of the natures of men. Neither fighter
was as badly injured as many college
lads are in football games or polo
matches, and, above all, it should be re-
membered that the contest was not in
violation of law.

If the citizens of Nevada like that sort
of thing, why, that's the sort of thing
they like; and they are old enough to
know their own minds.

But it was deplorable that in the ex-
citement of such a contest the true
meaning and spirit of the finest of our
national holidays should be forgotten. It
is only 134 years since on July 4 we were
born a nation, but they have been 134
years pregnant with the world's pro-
gress and enlightenment. Such strides
toward the ideal have never been made
before in the history of the world. It is
not well that such a date should be
blurred or besmirched by indulgence in
personal gratification. By their own vo-
lition the people seem to have agreed
to the plan of making the Fourth "safe
and sane" by doing away with senseless
noise and dangerous fireworks.

Let us hope that we may go further
in the right direction, and besides keep-
ing the day as a holiday devote it to
patriotism and honor, in memory of
those, our forefathers, who gave their
lives to the building of the nation.

New Factors in War.

The Congress of the United States has
steadfastly declined, so far, to reckon
with the new force—the airship—that has
come into being, and perhaps there are
many people who still refuse to be con-
vinced that navigating the air can ever be
more than a pastime. But to the aver-
age man, with the exploits of Hamilton
flying from New York to Albany, and
New York to Philadelphia and return;
the feats of Paulhan and Curtiss; and
with dirigibles, the progress made by
Zeppelin, it seems that there is at least
a cautious unworldliness in not reckoning
with this new factor. The military
authorities agree that in case of war the
airship is sure to play an important part.
Germany reckons it so seriously that she
has had special guns made with which
to fight this flying enemy. England,
Germany, and France have appropriated
large sums to equip their armies with the
new invention, and in case of war they
will, at least, lead the world in this re-
spect.

Congress has done nothing, and so far
there seems to be no crystallized senti-
ment on the part of the public that will
cause it to do anything.

And yet the plans for building Dread-
noughts go on, and we have little diffi-
culty in securing the necessary millions
for them. Just one of them costs about
ten millions, and each one costs about
one million a year to keep in commission;
and yet, if what has already been accom-
plished by the aviators means anything
at all, it means that one airship with a

patriotic and determined operator could
render the efforts of half a dozen Dread-
noughts useless.

At least, those are the possibilities—
one might almost be justified in saying the
probabilities. The price of one Dread-
nought would build a fleet of airships
and equip them; it would enable a school
of aviation to be established that should
train operators; teach us all the limita-
tions of aviation as well as its possibili-
ties, and there is no doubt that with gov-
ernment encouragement we, with Ameri-
can ingenuity, could soon lead the world
in this matter.

The benefits promised by application of
this new invention to war purposes are
so enormous in comparison—especially
compared with battle-ship expense—to the
cost of the experiments that it is hard
to see why the United States should lag
behind the progressive governments of
other nations.

Keep Drunken Men Off the Cars.

There ought to be some power lodged
somewhere to protect street car passen-
gers from being compelled to ride in the
company of persons who are hopelessly
and helplessly intoxicated.

A drunken man in the street is con-
veyed to the station house, where he re-
ceives his normal condition without in-
terfering with the rights of others. On
a street car, however, he is allowed to
spread himself over the seats and fall
over passengers and otherwise make
both an unpleasant and annoying spec-
tacle of himself. Cases of this kind are
becoming frequent.

The sober and well-behaved people on
the street cars ought not to be forced to
ride for two or three miles with persons
whose condition is such as herein de-
scribed. A simple rule by the street car
companies directing conductors not to
allow staggering or grossly intoxicated
men to enter the cars would remedy the
matter and would be upheld by public
sentiment.

Courtesy and Business.

Is courtesy a real, dependable business
asset? This query has been precipitated
by the placing of a placard in the main
office of the Postal Telegraph Company
in Atlanta, calling upon employees to re-
member always that they are expected to
be courteous in their treatment of pa-
trons or visitors of any name or nature
whatsoever.

Courtesy unquestionably is a tremen-
dous business asset. No matter what de-
gree of success a business may attain, it
can never reach the point where it may
safely eliminate courtesy in its treat-
ment of those who make it successful.
The man who, once upon a time, pro-
posed to dispense with the "Dear Sir" at
the beginning of letters and the "Yours
truly" at the conclusion of the same never
made any headway with his sugges-
tion. Why? Because it involved a
question of courtesy—pure and simple—
and not one business man in a thousand
cared to risk trying it out.

It is extremely difficult to harbor re-
sentment against a courteous person.
Nothing is truer than that "a soft
answer turneth away wrath." If all cor-
poration employees were uniformly cour-
teous and careful in handling patrons, cor-
poration bating and muck-raking would
not be so profitable in this land of the
free and home of the brave, perhaps.

"Please" and "thanks" are short and
pretty words. The physical effort in-
cident to their use is slight. But they
bring many a customer back for another
purchase, often accompanied by friends
and acquaintances. The clerk who wears
the smile that won't come off is worth
forty-seven Mr. Grouches around any
man's store.

There is, we think, another point worth
considering as we go along, moreover.
The obligation of courtesy is reciprocal.
The patron should approach the em-
ployee in that same spirit of considerate
politeness he has the right to expect in
return. Politeness is as much an asset
to him as to anybody else. It takes two
to make a trade, and neither party to it
can afford to give the other an undue
advantage in courtesy.

Quite a trifle little lecture, you say? Still,
politeness is worth while; and there is
no harm in mentioning that fact now and
then.

The German Americans.

The owners of the steamships running
from this country to German ports may
be expected to be as happy as some of
our German-American friends who, hith-
erto, have been able only to look with
longing eyes at the fatherland, which, it
seemed, they were destined never to visit
more. For there has always existed an
inhibition against those German subjects
who emigrated to the United States
before they served the required time in
the army coming back, unless, indeed,
they were willing to be tried as deserters.

A great many Germans who came over
here as young men have made their for-
tunes, have established themselves in busi-
ness and are solid citizens, and they fail
to return for a visit to the old coun-
try in the days of their prosperity. But,
so far, the stringent military rules of the
fatherland have forbidden them, and
they have had to be content with their
adopted country or with such foreign
delights as they could secure in London
or Paris.

But the announcement comes from Ber-
lin that the government is seriously con-
sidering a petition which has been pre-
sented asking the repeal of the existing
regulations. It is proposed to except
from the present military regulations
those men who left Germany for this
country without performing their mili-
tary service, and it is reported that the
chancellor is in favor of granting the
petition.

Undoubtedly such action would bring
joy to a large number of worthy Ameri-
can citizens, and it would, we are sure,
strengthen the already cordial and friend-
ly relations that exist between Germany
and America. Such action would un-
doubtedly vastly benefit America, for
German immigrants are desirable, and if
we could send back specimens of the
American citizens we have made out of
German immigrants, undoubtedly many
other thirty Germans would be tempted
to come over and try their fortunes.

A great many patriots do not know
what the number of this year of our In-

dependence is, but they are strong for the
flag, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

"Jeff" failed to come back. But, cheer
up! Santa Claus will; also cool weather;
likewise Congress!

A German scientist announces the in-
vention of a nonintoxicating beer. It will
be genuinely appreciated by people who
care for that sort of thing, perhaps.

That eminent literary light, Mr. John
Lawrence Sullivan, will now illuminate
the wherefore and the why of it all,
of course; after which, let us hope, he
may be snuffed out permanently, so far
as literary endeavor is concerned.

As the quieter July days come on
apace, it is a sweetly solemn thought, as
they say in Grand Old Texas, that water-
melons already are bespangling the mar-
ket places around and about.

Even the Congressional Record has
ceased firing.

"Mr. Roosevelt is advising Gov. Hughes
to refuse the Supreme Court judgeship
and run for governor of New York again,"
says the Beaumont Enterprise. We take
the liberty of doubting it.

Slowly, perhaps, but surely, Taft stock
is advancing in this country. Careful and
searching analysis of public opinion, as
revealed through the press, indicates it un-
mistakably.

It is somewhat astonishing that the
Pullman Company has never thought to
plead that the upper berth is a myth.

"Nat" Goodwin is said to have dropped
\$10,000 at Reno. Still, "Nat" has a kindly
feeling in his heart for that town, of
course!

It has been estimated that each word
spoken in debate during the last session
of Congress cost \$60. All we have to say
is, the output was not worth the money.

Old Man Time is the unconquerable
champion of them all!

One of the curious things of this world
is how much easier it is to make a fool
of yourself than it is to make a fool of
somebody else.

"I am very glad to be back once more,"
begins Mr. Roosevelt, in the Outlook of
July 2. Nobody doubted the colonel's
ability to come back, however.

Prof. Peck, of Columbia, seems to have
picked a peck of pickled peppers when
he those pickled peppers picked, all right!

"There is only one issue in Tennessee—
Patterson," says the Memphis News-
Scimitar. Well, that is challenge enough
to the manhood of that State, surely!

A \$100,000 damage suit against the
colonel is small potatoes. The \$500,000
never notices anything less than \$1,000,000
conspiracies.

The tumult and the shouting dies; the
trainers and the pug dogs depart. A quiet
fall on Reno now—once more the old
divorce mills start!

Congratulations to those sturdy young
Americans who neglected and omitted to
blow themselves up yesterday! Tears
for those who did not avail themselves
of the generous advice so freely tendered
by press, pulpit, physicians, and philan-
thropic people in general!

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Hence the Silence.

From the Albany Journal.
For a time there will be more discussion
of Roosevelt silent than there would be
him talking, but he cannot help that.

Takes a Crack at St. Louis.

From the Cleveland Leader.
A St. Louis paper offers a prize for a
play, the scene of which must be laid in
St. Louis. But isn't the public getting
tired of these slum dramas?

Reno on the Defensive.

From the Baltimore American.
Reno says there are a good many insti-
tutions more immoral than the prize fight
right under the shadow of the law in
the effete East. And Reno is likely right.

Senator Lodge's Position.

From the Ohio State Journal.
As we understand Senator Lodge's po-
sition, it is that, while of course there
are no such things as ultimate consum-
ers, the cost of living is almost entirely
their fault.

Our Mind-readers at Work.

From the Des Moines Capital.
Mr. Roosevelt will not talk politics for
two months. The nation will therefore be
compelled to depend solely upon the
Washington correspondents of the press
to do all backward about interpreting his
thoughts.

Both Thrilling Experiences.

From the Charleston News and Courier.
We may suggest to the Pittsburgh Ga-
zette-Times that the man who rode
through a hail storm on log raft not be
compared with John Daisel.
The former stood on a sound plank.

Should Investigate Both.

From the Dallas News.
President Taft is undecided whether to
go to Panama this fall or to Texas.
If he wants to see 5,000 persons being
supported by the government, let him
himself to the isthmus; if he prefers
to look at 5,000,000 persons supporting the
government, he should choose the Texas
trip.

The Appendix of the Nation.

From the Cleveland News and Courier.
We are inclined to think of the Republi-
can party as the appendix of the nation,
in an advance state of corruption. We
do not fear that its amputation, if
the word may be used, will cause much
trouble to the country, and we suggest
that the consulting and operating physi-
cians give their services free of charge.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best to tell
Not for its grand old oaks,
Nor for its mistletoe,
Nor for the violets golden;
That sparkle like the vale below;
Not for the mistletoe,
That less from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden glow;
Not for the vines on the arched trellis,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pink, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago.

But his feet, on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eaves
I made for my little brother
A bed of yellow leaves.
Sweeter his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when across the sunset
Lodged in the tree-top bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AT OUR HOTEL.

No parlor suffragettes for mine!
Of equal rights they prate,
Yet never let
A fellow set

A minute to orate,
No parlor suffragettes for mine!
I am no being mute.
And now and then,
Like many men,
I want to elocute.

No parlor suffragettes for mine!
Away from them I walk.
Each of the crew
Is anxious to
Monopolize the talk.

The View.

"What do you think of the view from
this veranda?"
"Magnificent! That tall girl is a peach,
and the little blonde fairly makes my
eyes bulge."

A Terrible Revenge.

"Well, I got square with that cook."
"She left; did she?"
"She left; but I refused to button her
gown up the back."

The Welcome Footprint.

"We came too early to this resort, old
man. I feel like Robinson Crusoe on his
desert island."
"Cheer up, old chap. I saw the imprint
of a girl's shoe on the sand just now."

At the Beach.

The rolling waves are very nice
And chilly staves.
He cannot really spare the price
Of rolling chairs.

High-brow Thrills.

"Your play is mostly epigram."
"Well?"
"Your hero undergoes no perils."
"Oh, I don't know. He narrowly es-
capes being bored to death."

Overlooking No Bets.

"I started the season neatly," de-
clared the seaside belle.
"I see you are engaged to the hotel
clerk already."

"Yes; and on the way from the depot
I became engaged to the driver of the
bus."

Heroic Measures.

"That fellow is very brave."
"I'll bet I could startle him, if I wanted
to."
"Tray, how?"
"By paying him what I owe him."

PRO AND CON.

Los Angeles Express: "A certain Geor-
gian," says the Washington Herald, "has
six fiddles and ten children." And how
many husbands?

Knoxville Sentinel: The Washington
Herald notes that there are "cheering
indications" that the "Ham Patterson
crowd" is not the biggest thing in Ten-
nessee.

Seranton Tribune: The Washington
Herald speaks of Prof. Harry Thurston
Peck as a "benevolent looking old gen-
tleman." This looks like the kindest
stall of all.

Richmond News Leader: "It is not,"
observes the Washington Herald, "the
quantity, but the quality of her popula-
tion to which Washington points with
pride." Any significance in the fact that
the observation was not made before the
adjournment of Congress?

Wichita Eagle: Talk about faith that
will remove mountains. The Washington
Herald declares that so utterly firm is
the faith of some people in Mr. Roose-
velt's ability to manage things that they
actually would believe he might enforce
peace in a suburban choir.

Macon Telegraph: It is unlawful in
New York to catch more than ten pounds
of brook trout in one day. The Wash-
ington Herald thinks "piscatorial pre-
varicators" will have to be careful when
they get started in that State, or they
will short-and-ugly themselves into the
hands of the sheriff before they realize it.

Jacksville Times-Union: The Wash-
ington Herald says: "A Virginia con-
temporary refers to Tom Watson as 'the en-
fant terrible of Southern politics.' The
impression is that the Hon. Tom, who
was a Democrat, near-Democrat, Popu-
list, and a few others. Yes, probably
more than seven.

Chattanooga Times: Whatever the "reg-
lars"—so-called—in Tennessee may think
of it, Democrats outside of the State have
one view and that is pretty fairly in-
dicated by this extract from The Wash-
ington Herald: "Mr. Ham" Patterson's
crowd has nominated him to succeed
himself as governor of Tennessee. They
are cheering indications, however, that
the other crowd is decidedly the bigger."

Bristol Herald-Courier: "Examine closely
into the affiliations of the fellow who
predicts positively that Mr. Roosevelt will
reignate Mr. Taft, and about nineteen
times out of twenty you will discover that
the wish is father to the thought," says
The Washington Herald. That is a pretty
safe bet. At the same time, the other
fellows are holding their breath and hop-
ing that Mr. Roosevelt will not do
anything of the sort.

Montgomery Advertiser: The Arch Duke
Ferdinand, Austrian crown prince, is
said to be a hornet because he was not
given a more conspicuous place in the
funeral procession of King Edward. We
agree with The Washington Herald, how-
ever, that the true reason for his getting
huffy was no doubt because of the fact
that though he rode in the same carriage
with Theodore Roosevelt.

Fifty Thousand Turtles.
From the Christian Herald.
Fifty thousand live diamondback tur-
tles were shipped from New Orleans re-
cently in a tank car to New York. B.
M. Wichens, who operates one of the
largest turtle-breeding plants in the
world, in Jefferson Parish, across the
river from New Orleans, filled the tank
car with filtered clean water and put
in the necessary food to supply the crea-
tures during the trip. To fill the large
order in so short a time it was found
necessary to resort to artificial incubation.
200,000 eggs being put into warm
water for the purpose. Most of the tur-
tles are from three to six months old,
the age at which they are most desir-
able. Each year the demand for sea
foods seems to increase, and we suggest
that the consulting and operating physi-
cians give their services free of charge.

Preferred the Direct Route.
From the London Sketch.
She—Shall I have your lunch brought
up to you here, dear?
He (cheerily)—No, love; I'll throw
it overboard. It'll save the trouble.

Oh, No, Not a Bit!
From the London Sketch.
"You are always looking like a dog
for a bone. You should not be so vain."
"I'm not vain. I don't think I'm half
so good looking as I really am."

A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

LIFE INSURANCE.

There has just been put on file in the
larger libraries of the country a volume
containing the addresses and papers on
life insurance and other subjects by
former United States Senator John F.
Dryden, organizer and president of the
Prudential Insurance Company of
America.

It will be remembered that President
Dryden, who successfully introduced and
operated industrial life insurance in the
United States, and his new book contains
much information concerning life insur-
ance for the masses, or what is com-
monly called industrial insurance.

Mr. Dryden's book is one of the very
few books that have been written on this
subject. The volume treats of the incep-
tion and early problems of the business,
as well as the social economy and prac-
tice of what is known as industrial life
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